The hystory of syr Isēbras

Ordynges lysten all that wyll here
Of elders that before vs were
That lyued in londe in deds
Jesu Chryst heuen kynge
Graunt them all his blessynge
And heuen to theyr mede
ye shall well here of a knyght
That was in warre full wyght
And doughty of his dede
His name was syr Jsenbras
Man nobler than he was
Lyued none with brede
He was louynge large and longe
With sholders brode and armes stronge
That myghty was to se
He was an hardy man and hye
All men hym loued that hym se
For a gentyll knyght was he
Harpers loued hym in hall
With other mynstrelles all
For he gaue them golde and fe
He was as curteys as man myght thynke
Lyberall of mete and drynke
In the worlde was none so fre

Nor on no ghostly thynge
So longe he lynned in that pryde
No lenger wolde our lorde abyde
So after it befell on a day
That this knyght went hym to play
His forest forto se.
And as he loked vp on hy
He sawe an aungell in the sky
Whiche towarde hym dyde fle
Ilenbras he sayd there
Thou hast forgoten what thou were
For pryde of golde and fee
Therfore oure lorde sayth to the so
All thy good thou must forgo
As thou shalte here after se
The worldes welth shall fro the fall
Thou shalte lese thy chyldren all
And all thy landes fre
Thy lady goodlyest of all
For fere of fyre shall fle thy hall
This day that thou her se.
This knyght fell downe on his kne
Underneth an olyue tre
And helde vp bothe his handes
And than agayne thus sayd he
Lorde god in tryuyte
Welcome be thy sondes
Whyle I am yonge I may well go
Whan I am olde I may not so
Thoughe that I fayne wolde
Therfore Jesu I pray the
In youth sende me aduersyte

And not whan I am olde
The aungell toke fro thens his flyght
And lefte alone that carefull knyght.
From hym he went his way
Whan the aungell was paſt his ſyght
His ſtronge ſtede that was ſo wyght
Dede vnder hym lay
His hawkes and houndes that he fedde
They waſted and were all dede
They brought to hym no pray
Home on foote he muſt gone
The teres fell from his cheke anone.
Out of his eyen gray
Home warde anone he gan wende
There mette he with his meyne hende
Before hym on a rowe.
Syr they ſayd we tell you playne
With adders all your beſtes ben ſlayne
With venym are they blowe
The ſtormes your capons haue you bereft
The thunder hath you no beeſt left
For to put in your plowghe
They wepte ſore with ſemblaunt yll.
Syr Iſenbras bad them be ſtyll
I blame you not of this wo
He may ſende me myrthes mo
With ioye and ſolace alſo
And may do well ynowe
Lete your ſorowes all ceaſe
Enforce your ſelfe to go in peaſe
And mery as byrdes on bowe
He went forth wo beſtadde

Of all these dayes se
Go we and aske ther
yf that ye may ony g
For goddes loue of h
Towarde the galey
Therin sate the So
In wedes worthely
He asked of them lyu
For his loue that dye
And made this worl
Whan the kynge her
Sothely he sayd he t
That thus farre hat
I bydd you bete hyr
For they leue noto
Of ine gete they tyg
A knyght kneled afo
And sayd it was a p
That poore penaunc
He semeth a man so
Thoughe he be in ne
It is ruthe and pyte
His eyen are gray a
Were he as well fed
Lyke a knyght shol
His wyfe as whyte
Thoughe she with
She is as bryght as
The Sowdan sayd
Lete them be before
I will them se with
Whan he them saw

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Syr Jlenbras sayd
My wyfe wyll J n
Thy men shall kyll
J wedded her as J
To holde her to myn
Bothe in wele and
An hondred pounde
The Sowdan lay
And fetched his wy
The golde syr Jlen
Therfore his rybbe
And made his bod
As soone after as h
He toke his sone by
A sory man was he
Than was the ma
With ore and anere
With that lady so f
The Sowdan wit
Crowned her quen
And sent her ouer t
To her the crowne
My wyfe he sayd
Thoughe J come n

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Tho were they yr herte
Mete and drynke for
And gaue his ponge
That was an hongre
In the mantell amon
He layde his golde th
And with hym he it b
Than he came on a hy
There he thought all
Ferther go he ne myg
On the morowe wha
An Egle bare the gol
For the rede clothes
Ilen bras than a wat
And folowed the fow
There gan the fowle
Or he retourned / an
The ponge chylde a
Amonge the holtes h
The knyght afore w
But neuer wors that
He let hym on a stone
Lorde he sayd woo is
For my wyfe and my
Now am I lefte alo
The kynge that bar
Wylle me the way
For all a mylle haue
He ne wyst what he
But for sorowe he so
With mournynge m
Alone he walked by

Syr Ilen.

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He rode vnder an hyll
Cryſten and hethen bo
That the two kynge
The hooſt was araye
Tabours and trompe
And launces lyfte on l
Syr Iſenbras with
Set hym downe vpo
To Jeſu he beſought
To lende hym grace
That falſe [illegible]ar
For the wo
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Sohe was heled lyghtly
Within a lytell stounde
He bethought hym full well
That no lenger he wolde there dwell
Whan he was hole and soun e
He purueyed hym skryppe and pyke
And made hymselfe palmer lyke
Redy for to wende
He toke his leue withouten lesse
Fayre thankynge the pryoresse
With all the nonnes hende
The ryght waye than toke he
Tyll he came to the quycke see
With skryppe and burdon blyue
A shyppe founde he redy thare
In to acres for to fare
Thyther gan they ryue
Whan they had acres hente
Bothe wete and wery vp they went
In to the cyte[illegible]y yede
Seuen yere he was palmer thore
Withhunger thyrst and syghynge sore
In romaynes as we rede
Ryght as he went euen sohe lay

Besyde the brought of bedleme
He set hym by a well streme
Tyll the day was dymme
As he sate and sore syght
There came an aungell aboute mydnyght
And brought hym brede and wyne
Ilenbras he sayd lysten vnto me
Our lorde hath pardon graunted the
Forgyuen are synnes thyne
Nowe rest the well lyr Ilenbras
Forgyuen is all thy trespas
Shortely for to sayne
My lorde that is heuen kynge
Hathe the gyuen his blessynge
And byddeth the tourne agayne
The knyght on his knees hym set
And Chryste of heuen he grete
Of the tydynges was he fayne
The aungell lefte hym than alone
Than wyste he not whyder t ne
But walkedon the playne
Thre kynges landes he went thorowe
Tyll he cai e to a ryche borowe
A fayre castell there stode

Other money or mete
Whan he came to the castell gate
Many poore folke he sawe therat
That were come the golde to take
The quene a florence to eche one toke
Syr Jlenbras it not forsoke
Of his mery make
Poore men that myght yll go
She toke in fyfty and mo
Whiche that feblest were
And in they toke syr Jlenbras
Wete and wery as he was
On hym they rued sore
The quene crowned at mete sate
Knyghtes serued her therat
In ryche robes of pall
A clothe vpon the floure was layde
This poore palmer the steward layd
Shall sytte aboue you all
Ryche mete there was brought
Styll he sate and ete ryght nought
But loked aboute the hall
So moche he sawe of game and gle
Wherin he was wonte to be
The teres he let fall
Styll he sate and ete ryght nought
Than to a knyght the lady gan say
Fetche forth a chayne and a quesshynge
And set the poore palmer therin
That he me tell may
Of many aduentures that he hath sene
In dyuers landes where he hath bene

Beſyde the brought of bedleme
He ſet hym by a well ſtreme
Tyll the day was dymme
As he ſate and ſore ſyght
There came an aungell aboute mydnyght
And brought hym brede and wyne
Jſenbras he ſayd lyſten vnto me
Our lorde hath pardon graunted the
Forgyuen are ſynnes thyne
Nowe reſt the well fyr Jſenbras
Forgyuen is all thy treſpas
Shortely for to ſayne
My lorde that is heuen kynge
Hathe the gyuen his bleſſynge
And bydde th the tourne agayne
The knyght on his knees hym ſet
And Chryſte of heuen he grete
Of the tydynges was he fayne
The aungell lefte hym than alone
Than wyſte he not whyder t ne
But walkedon the playne
Thre kynges landes he went thorowe
Tyll he cai e to a ryche borowe
A fayre caſtell there ſtode

Other money or mete
Whan he came to the castell gate
Many poore folke he sawe therat
That were come the golde to take
The quene a florence to eche one toke
Syr Jlenbras it not forsoke
Of his mery make
Poore men that myght yll go
She toke in fyfty and mo
Whiche that feblest were
And in they toke syr Jlenbras
Wete and wery as he was
On hym they rued sore
The quene crowned at mete late
Knyghtes serued her therat
In ryche robes of pall
A clothe vpon the floure was layde
This poore palmer the stewarde layd
Shall sytte aboue you all
Ryche mete there was brought
Styll he sate and ete ryght nought
But loked aboute the hall
So moche he sawe of game and gle
Wherin he was wonte to be
The teres he let fall
Styll he sate and ete ryght nought
Than to a knyght the lady gan say
Fetche forth a chayre and a quesshynge
And set the poore palmer therin
That he me tell may
Of many aduentures that he hath sene
In dyuers landes where he hath bene

By many a wylde way
Anone the chayre was forth fette
The poze palmer therin was fette
And tolde her of his lay
Many meruayles he her tolde
Than she hym asked whether he wolde
Full fayne wolde she wete
Ryche metes to hym were brought
Than the quene grete wonder thought
Why he wolde not ete
She sayd to hym in grete dyspoyte
Syr palmer be of good comforte
Se nothynge that ye dzede
For his soule that was my lozde
I wyll the fynde to bedde and bozde
Fayre to clothe and fede
At thyne ease thou shalte be
With moche myrthe game and gle
Bothe erly and late
A clene chambze and fre
And a man to serue the
Within the castell gate
Syr Isenbras also snell
On knees before the lady fell
And sayd comely quene
Here vnto you I graunt wele
Of my pardon the halfe dele
In places where I haue bene
Thus the palmer dwelled there
Tyll that he was hole in fere
And serued in the hall
He was so fayre and hye

He rode vnder an hyll so hye
Cryſten and hethen bothe he ſe
That the two kynges had brought
The hooſt was arayed in ryall aray
Tabours and trompettes harde he play
And launces lyfte on loſte
Syr Iſenbras with herte fre
Set hym downe vpon his kne
To Jeſu he beſought
To lende hym grace in that felde
That falſe Sowdan for to yelde
For the wo that he hym wrought
Syr Iſenbras anone vp ſtode
Ryght eger was he of mode
Sore dyntes he gaue certayne
It ſprange as ſparcle out of flynte
There myght no man wſtande his dynte
Tyll his caple was ſlayne
whan that he thus longe had fought
An Erle out of the batayle hym brought
Vpon a hyghe mountayne
This Erle there chaunged his wede
And ſet hym on a full good ſtede
Than went he faſt agayne
The ſtronge ſtede he gan ſtryde
In to the hooſt than gan he ryde
There delte he dyntes ſore
He felled all that before hym ſtode
who ſo he knocked on the hode
He flewe for euermore
He rode vp to the hyghe mountayne
The Sowdan he had ſoone ſlayne

And many that with hym were
All that day lasted that fyght
Syr Isenbras that noble knyght
Wanne the batayle there
The cryſten kynge was full fayne
Whan the ſowdan was ſlayne
With ſarazyns grete plente
He ſayd where is that noble knyght
That all this folke hath ſlayne in fyght
Ryght fayne wolde I hym ſe
Knyghtes kene ſoone hym ſougyt
And at the laſt he was forth brought
Sore wounded was he
What arte thou ſayd the kynge than
Syr quod he / a lymyther man
To defende the in fyght
Thou ſhalte he ſayd haue mete and drynke
The beſt that thou canſt after thynke
Tyll thou haue recouered myght
The kynge ſware by this lyght
Whan thy woundes hole be
I ſhall make the a knyght
In a nonry they dyde hym leue
To hele his woundes that dyde hym greue
That he had in fyght
The nones of hym were full fayne
By cauſe he had the Sowdan ſlayne
With many an hethen hounde
On his ſorowe they gan rewe
And euery day with ſalues newe
To hele therwith his woundes
They entreated hym curteyſly

Tho were theyr hartes sore
Wete and drynke forth he drowe
And gaue his ponge sone ynowe
That was an hongred sore
In the mantell amonge the brede
He layde his golde that was so rede
And with hym he it bare
Than he came on a hyll full by
There he thought all nyght to ly
Ferther go he ne myght
On the morowe whan it was day
An Egle bare the golde away
For the rede clothes fyght
Isenbras than a waked he
And folowed the fowle to the grekes se
There gan the folowe ouer fle
Or he retourned/an vnycorne
The ponge chylde away had borne
Amonge the holtes hy
The knyght afore was often wo
But neuer wors than he was tho
He set hym on a stone
Lorde he sayd wo is me
For my wyfe and my chyldren thre

A fayre fyre sawe he glowe
He prayed them of bryde for charyte
They sayd laboure for so do we
we haue none other plowe
Tho answered the knyght agayne
Syr so wyll I certayne
Fast he bare and drowe
They taught hym to tourne the stone
And bad hym spede that he had done
Than had he shame ynoughe
This man toke laboure hym vpon
Tyll the fyrst yere was gone
For his lyuynge wrought he so
By that tyme conde he make a fyre
And than toke he mannes hyre
For he wrought more than two
All the longe seuen yere
A smythes man was he there
And yet thre monethes to
By that he had hym armoure dyght
And all that longeth to a knyght
To the warre with to go
That seuen yere I vnderstonde
The Sowdan was in crysten lande
Tyll they prouyded a batayle stronge

Other money or uiete
whan he came to the cast
Many pore folde he sawe
That were come the gold
The quene of florence to
Syr Isenbras it not for
Of his mery make
Pore men that myght yll
She toke in fyfty and mo
whiche that feblest were
And in they toke syr I
wete and wery as he wa
On hym they rued ore
The quene crowned at m
Knyghtes serued her thera
In ryche robes of pall
A clothe vpon the floure v
This pore palmer the stev
Shall sytte aboue you all
Ryche mete there was bro
Styll he sate and eterygh
But loked about the hall
So moche he sawe of gam
wherin he was wonte to

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So he was heled lygh
Within a lytell stound
He be thought hym full
That no lenger he wol
Whan he was hole an
He purueyed hym krypp
And made hym selfe pa
Redy for to wende
He toke his leue witho
Fayre thankynge the
With all the nonnes h
The ryght way than t
Tyll he came to the qu
With sk[illegible]nd burl
A shyppe[illegible]de he red
In to acres for to fare
Thyther gan they ryu
Whan they had ocres h
Bothe wete and wery
In to the cyte they yed
Seuen yere he was pa
With hunger thyrst an
In romaynes as we r
Ryght as he went euer
On the nyght as on th
In poore palmers wel
All thoughe the flesshe
Goddes wyll he wolde
For his synfull dede
Thrughe the cyte gan
Mete nor drynke gete
For hous to lodge in

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